This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

http://books.google.com



Raphael's Madonnas

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Alice Barton.
from her uncle
J. Barton

Christmas 1859.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE MADONNAS OF RAPHAEL



Raphael.

New York,
Published by Wenvitt & Allen.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

BOOK

OF

Raphael's Madonnas.

BY JAMES P. WALKER.

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT AND ALLEN.
1860.

Digitized by Google

AKH2424

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the Year of our Lord 1860, by

LEAVITT & ALLEN,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of New York.

ND623
.R2
W35
1991

JOHN F. TROW, Printer and Stereotyper,
379 Broadway, New York.

Digitized by Google

Contents.

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR	PAGE.
PREFACE,		vii
RAPHAEL,	Washington Allston,	9
OUTLINE OF RAPHAEL'S LIFE AND GENIUS,		11
HYMN TO THE VIRGIN,	Edgar A. Poe,	22
VIERGE AU BERCEAU,		23
INVOCATION TO THE VIRGIN,	Chaucer,	25
LA MADONNA DELL PESCE,		27
OH, VIRGIN MOTHER!	Dante,	31
LA VIERGE AU VOILE,		33
THE WORSHIP OF THE MADONNA,	Mrs. Jameson,	35
HOLY FAMILY,	Goethe,	38
MADONNA DELLA SEGGIOLA,		39
MARY!	Shelley,	43
LA VIERGE AUX PALMIERS,		45
RAPHAEL AND FORNARINA,	L. E. Landon,	47
LA VIERGE A L'OISEAU,		51
SONNET ON RAPHAEL'S PORTRAIT,	Zappi,	54
RAPHAEL'S GENIUS,		55
SAINTE FAMILLE DITE LA PERLE,		57

Digitized by Google

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
STUDIES OF RAPHAEL,	H. W. BEECHER,	60
HYMN TO THE VIRGIN,	F. S. OSGOOD,	61
MADONNA DI FOLIGNO,		63
STANZAS,	BERNARD BARTON,	68
LA VIERGE AUX CANDELABRES,		71
THE LEGEND OF SANTAREM,	CAROLINE SOUTHEY,	72
LA BELLE JARDINIERE,		79
THE OLD MASTERS,	W. S. LANDOR,	81
LA VIERGE A LA REDEMPTION,		83
LETTER FROM RAPHAEL,		84
FROM "THE PALACE OF ART,"	TENNYSON,	88
LA SAINTE FAMILLE,		91
PAINTING,	P. M. WETMORE,	93
TO THE VIRGIN,	NOVALIS,	96
MADONNA DI SAN SISTO,		97
TO THE GENIUS OF ART,	E. A. LEWIS,	102
MARRIAGE OF JOSEPH AND MARY,		103

Digitized by Google

Illustrations.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. HUFNAGEL.

	ENGRAVED BY	PAGE
MADONNA DELL PESCE,	P. PELEE,	Frontiſpiece.
VIERGE AU BERCEAU,	DESNOYERS,	23
VIERGE AU VOILE,	METZMACHER,	33
MADONNA DELLA SEGGIOLA,	P. PELEE,	39
VIERGE AUX PALMIERS,	ACH. MARTINET,	43
VIERGE A L'OISEAU,	RAPHAEL MORGHEN,	51
LA PERLE,	NARCISSE LECOMTE,	57
MADONNA DI FOLIGNO,	I. M. ST. EVE,	63
VIERGE AUX CANDELABRES,	GUS. LEVY,	71
LA BELLE JARDINIERE,	GUS. LEVY,	79
VIERGE A LA REDEMPTION,	ACH. MARTINET,	83
LA BENEDICTION,	RICHAMME AND DIEU,	91
MADONNA DI SAN SISTO,	MULLER,	97

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

When the idea of preparing a photographically illuſtrated book of RAPHAEL'S MADONNAS firſt ſuggeſted itſelf, it was accompanied by the natural deſire to make the collection complete; i. e., to include photographs of all the "Holy Families," "Virgins," and "Madonnas," of this great maſter; that his matchleſs performances in this department might be made as familiar and eaſily comprehendible, as they have been made in others, through the publication of the "BOOK OF RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS," etc. But this end, deſirable as it is, was manifeſtly impoſſible, from the circumſtance that but a limited number of the original pictures have ever been reproduced by the engraver; and of thoſe at any time engraved,—amounting in all to about thirty,—ſeveral are ſo rare as not to be obtainable in this country, or only very inferior copies of them. In view of theſe circumſtances, it was deemed wiſeſt to make a ſelection of the choiceſt and moſt univerſally-eſteemed of theſe productions; with the purpoſe of iſſuing, at ſome future period, a Second Series, if the firſt volume meet the approbation of the public.

In ſelecting the engravings for photographing, care has been exerciſed to ſecure as true copies of the original pictures as could be found; a conſideration which will be appreciated by thoſe who are familiar with the liberty which competent engravers are accuſtomed to exerciſe, and the careleſſneſs of the incompetent, in reproducing the work of any artiſt, eſpecially one of the early maſters.

It would be eaſy to point to engravings of Raphael's Madonnas, well executed mechanically, but in which the deſign of the Painter has been ſo altered by the engraver, as to raiſe a queſtion in the mind of the beholder, which of the originals had been followed; the reſult being a ſort of fancy ſketch "founded on fact," and occupying, in Art, the anomalous poſition of "Hiſtorical Novels" in literature.

The illuſtrative ſketches which accompany the photographs have been compiled from a

Digitized by Google

great variety of ſources, and it is hoped will be found to enhance the intereſt of the collection. The authorities principally depended upon, are :—

QUATREMERE DE QUINCEY'S LIFE OF RAPHAEL,
VASARI'S LIVES OF THE PAINTERS, ETC.,
KUGLER'S HAND-BOOK OF PAINTING,
MRS. JAMESON'S LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA,
MRS. JAMESON'S SKETCHES OF ART,

though a great number of other works have been incidentally conſulted; while the poetical literature of England and America has been gleaned to furniſh appropriate and agreeable accompaniments to the deſcriptive ſketches.

That the volume, notwithſtanding its faults of execution, will not prove wholly unacceptable, we feel aſſured, from the ſubject which it ſtrives to illuſtrate; "a ſubject," in the words of a modern authoreſs, beſt qualified to diſcourſe thereon, "ſo conſecrated by its antiquity, ſo hallowed by its profound ſignificance, ſo endeared by its aſſociations with the ſofteſt and deepeſt of our human ſympathies, that the mind has never wearied of its repetition, nor the eye become ſatiated with its beauty. Thoſe who refuſe to give it the honor due to a religious repreſentation, yet regard it with a tender, half-willing homage; and when the glorified type of what is pureſt, loftieſt, holieſt in womanhood, ſtands before us, arrayed in all the majeſty and beauty that accompliſhed Art, inſpired by faith and love, could lend her, and bearing her divine Son, rather enthroned than ſuſtained on her maternal boſom, 'we look, and the heart is in heaven!'—and it is difficult, very difficult, to refrain from an ORA PRO NOBIS."

With theſe words of explanation, we commend the volume, which has afforded us many hours of delightful, if laborious occupation, in the preparation, to the cultivated and the taſteful.

J. P. W.

BOSTON, July, 1859.

Digitized by Google

Raphael.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

BY Heaven impreſſed with genius' ſeal,
An eye to ſee, and heart to feel,
His ſoul through boundleſs nature roved,
And ſeeing felt, and feeling loved.
But weak the power of mind at will
To give the hand the painter's ſkill;
For mortal works, maturing ſlow,
From patient care and labor flow:
And, hence reſtrained, his youthful hand
Obeyed a maſter's dull command;
But ſoon with health his ſickly ſtyle
From Leonardo learned to ſmile;
And now from Buonarotti caught
A nobler form; and now it ſought

Digitized by Google

Of color fair the magic ſpell,
And traced her to the Friar's* cell.
No fooliſh pride, no narrow rule,
Enſlaved his ſoul; from every ſchool,
Whatever fair, whatever grand,
His pencil like a potent wand,
Transfuſing, bade his canvas grace.
Progreſſive thus, with giant pace,
And energy no toil could tame,
He climbed the rugged mount of Fame:
And ſoon had reached the ſummit bold,
When Death, who there delights to hold
His fatal watch, with envious blow
Quick hurled him to the ſhades below.

---

* Fra Bartolomeo.

Digitized by Google

Outline of Raphael's Life and Genius.

"In Raphael's hands, art performs its higheſt, and, indeed, its only legitimate function, it makes us better men."—Hillard.

WITH no intention of preparing an elaborate Biographical Sketch of the diſtinguiſhed maſter, whoſe wonderful compoſitions form the ſubject of this volume, it is fitting that the following ſketches and ſelections ſhould be preceded by a brief narrative of the principal events of that ſhort but brilliant career; and ſuch tributes to his ſurpaſſing genius from thoſe qualified to pronounce them, as may ſerve to illuſtrate and enforce his claim to precedence among the throng, whoſe productions crowd the galleries of the paſt, conſtituting at once their patent of nobility, and their crown of immortality.

Raphael de Sanzio (or Raffaello, as Vaſari and the

Digitized by Google

modern Italians write it) was born in the ſmall town of Urbino, in the Papal States, on Good Friday, March 24th, 1483. He received his firſt inſtruction in art from his father, Giovanni Santi, a painter of little reputation; and, in 1494, was placed under the tuition of Pietro Perugino, a maſter not unworthy his illustrious pupil. Here he remained for three years, when Perugino, being ſummoned by buſineſs to Florence, Raphael eſſayed trials of his powers, and made ſeveral excurſions in the environs of Perugia.

In 1504, he removed to Florence, where he remained, with the exception of occaſional viſits to Perugia and Bologna, till 1508. In that year he was called to Rome by Pope Julius II., to aſſiſt in the adornment of the Vatican, a labor which occupied him, with numerous intermiſſions, ſeveral years. His houſe, built by himſelf, near the Piazza Vaticano, is ſtill pointed out to viſitors in the "Eternal City." Between 1512 and 1520, the majority of his matchleſs Madonnas, Holy Families, Portraits, etc., were executed: the Cartoons at Hampton Court were executed 1515-16; the frescoes of the Farneſina, 1518. Beſides his labors in this department, he was employed, from 1515, in building the new Baſilica of St. Peter, having that year been appointed by the Pope architect of that ſtructure.

Digitized by Google

His death, which was ſudden as it was untimely, is ſaid to have been cauſed by a fever, induced by a ſevere cold, contracted during a converſation with the Pope about the progreſs of St. Peter's; which took place in one of the vaſt halls of the palace, whither Raphael, on receiving a ſummons, had proceeded in ſuch haſte as to arrive in a profuſe perſpiration.

He expired on Good Friday, April 6th, 1520, at the age of 37.

After laying in ſtate, at his own houſe, in the apartment where hung his laſt work, the Transfiguration, his remains were conveyed, amidſt the lamentations of the whole city, to the ancient Pantheon—the Church of Santa Maria de la Rotunda, and depoſited, in accordance with his laſt requeſt, at the foot of the chapel he had endowed, where his ſepulchre now is.

For more than a century the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, exhibited, in a glaſs caſe, a ſkull, which it was pretended was that of Raphael; and the author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," alludes, in terms of becoming diſguſt, to the exhibition. In 1833, to ſilence the queries which had ariſen upon the ſubject, the tomb of Raphael was opened with great care, and in the preſence of many of the higheſt dignitaries of the Church and State; and, after its repoſe of more than

Digitized by Google

three centuries, the ſkeleton of the great maſter was found entire. A mould was taken of the ſkull; and the ſecond inhumation took place on the evening of the 18th of October, with great pomp, the interior of the Rotunda being funereally illuminated on the occaſion.

All his biographers unite in aſcribing to Raphael great beauty of perſon, and yet greater beauty of character. Of agreeable manners, modeſt, thoughtful of others, obliging, he diſarmed the jealouſy which his extraordinary and verſatile genius and rapid advancement were calculated to inſpire. Indeed, Vaſari aſſures us, "that he was never ſeen to go to Court but ſurrounded and accompanied, as he left his houſe, by ſome fifty painters, all men of ability and diſtinction, who attended him thus to give evidence of the honor in which they held him."

His mental acquirements were conſiderable and reſpectable. That he did not lack for timely and ſatirical wit, and boldneſs withal, the following anecdote will indicate:—

It is ſaid that while engaged in painting his celebrated freſcoes, he was viſited by two cardinals, who began to criticiſe his work, and found fault without underſtanding it.

"The apoſtle Paul has too red a face," ſaid one.

Digitized by Google

"He bluſhes even in heaven to ſee what hands the Church has fallen into," replied the indignant painter.

It is little to ſay, coldly, that for invention, compoſition, expreſſion, and grace, Raphael far excelled all his predeceſſors and contemporaries; while the univerſal teſtimony of thoſe familiar with his paintings, is, that they are pervaded by a nameleſs charm, perceptible by all perſons of taſte, and diſtinguiſhing them from all other works of art, but rather to be felt, than analyzed and deſcribed in ſet terms.

Richardſon, in his Eſſays, as quoted by Hazlitt, after a rapid ſurvey of the peculiar excellences of the moſt celebrated artiſts, concludes thus:—"But ah! the pleaſure, when a connoiſſeur and lover of art has before him a picture or drawing, of which he can ſay, this is the hand, theſe are the thoughts of him (Raphael) who was one of the politeſt, beſt-natured gentlemen that ever was; beloved and aſſiſted by the greateſt wits and the greateſt men then in Rome: of him who lived in great fame, honor, and magnificence, and died extremely lamented; miſſed a cardinal's hat only by dying a few months too ſoon; but was particularly eſteemed and favored by two Popes, the only ones who filled the chair of St. Peter in his time, and

Digitized by Google

as great men as ever ſat there ſince that apoſtle, if, at leaſt, he ever did; one, in ſhort, who could have been a Leonardo, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Correggio, a Parruegiano, an Annibal, a Rubens, or any other whom he pleaſed, but none of them could ever have been a Raphael."

He is allowed, writes Pilkinton, "to have diffuſed throughout all his works, more grace, truth, and ſublimity than any other painter, who has appeared before or ſince."

"It was one of the remarkable properties of Raphael's genius," ſays De Quincey, "that in the execution of his works he always expreſſed, in a prominent manner, the greateſt and moſt elevated feature of his ſubject, without, in any degree, ſcorning the minuteſt details. Lanzi has obſerved, on this point, that the finiſh he has given to his heads is ſuch, that you can almoſt count every particular hair."

"Michael Angelo," remarks Hazlitt, ("Criticiſms on Art,") "was painter, ſculptor, architect. Raphael was only a painter, but in that one art he ſeemed to pour out all the treaſures and various excellences of nature, grandeur and ſcope of deſign, exquiſite finiſhing, force, grace, delicacy, the ſtrength of man, the ſoftneſs of woman, the playfulneſs of infancy, thought, feeling,

Digitized by Google

invention, imitation, labor, eaſe, and every quality that can diſtinguiſh a picture, except color."

The grace and naturalneſs of the pictures of this maſter are everywhere borne witneſs to.

"All great actions are ſimple," ſays Emerſon, "and all great pictures are. The Transfiguration,* by Raphael, is an eminent example of this peculiar merit. A calm, benignant beauty ſhines all over this picture, and goes directly to the heart. It ſeems almoſt to call you by name. The ſweet and ſublime face of Jeſus is beyond praiſe, yet how it diſappoints all florid expectation. This familiar, ſimple, home-ſpeaking countenance is as if one ſhould meet a friend."

It would be eaſy to heap up teſtimony of a ſimilar character, to any extent, but the taſk is unneceſſary. Mrs. Bray, the accompliſhed biographer of Stothard, the artiſt—well known by his numerous drawings, eſpecially the inimitable "Pilgrimage to Canterbury," and "Flitch of Bacon," ſays of her ſubject:—"There can be no doubt that Stothard's youthful ſtudy of Ra-

* This wonderful picture has been reproduced in Rome, in moſaics, at a coſt of 12,000 crowns, and the labor of nine years; ten men working at it. The ſmalts, of which theſe moſaic pictures are formed, are a ſpecies of opaque vitrified glaſs, partaking of the mixed nature of ſtone and glaſs. Of theſe, no leſs than ſeventeen hundred different ſhades are in uſe; they are manufactured in Rome, in the form of long ſlender rods, like wires, of different degrees of thickneſs.

Digitized by Google

phael helped, not merely to form his taſte, but to develope his own remarkable powers, and to make him what he was. He had imbibed that grace and myſtery of painting which is ſo tranſcendently beautiful in the pictures of the Italian maſters. The Holy Families of the Engliſh painters are human beings; with the Italians they are only human forms, having, however, infuſed into them ſomething of a ſuperhuman ſpirit."

It is known, ſays De Quincey, that Raphael had a ſpecial devotion for the Virgin; this is atteſted, in a meaſure, by his founding, in her honor, a chapel in the church of Santa Maria della Rotunda, where, as we have ſhown, his aſhes now repoſe. But nothing, continues De Quincey, ſo clearly manifeſts in him the various feelings of a piety, ſometimes ſimple and affectionate, ſometimes full of grandeur and elevation, than that diverſity of aſpects under which his pencil, always noble, though the ſubject of the compoſition be ſimple, always amiable and graceful though it be ſublime, has delighted in ſetting forth, according to the taſtes or deſtination for which they were intended, the image of the Virgin—here, as the modeſt inhabitant of Bethlehem—there, as the queen of the angels.

"His Madonnas," remarks Vaſari, "diſplay all that the higheſt idea of beauty could imagine in the

Digitized by Google

repreſentation of a youthful virgin: modeſty in her eyes, on her forehead honor, in the line of the noſe grace, in the mouth virtue."

Hillard, in his criticiſm upon the pictures in the Tribune, at Florence, bears witneſs to Raphael's matchleſs ſkill in impreſſing upon his productions that undefinable grace and majeſty which diſtinguiſh his works from all others. "Maternal love, purity of feeling, ſweetneſs, refinement, and a certain ſoft ideal happineſs breathe from his canvas like odor from a flower. No painter addreſſes ſo wide a circle of ſympathies as he; no one ſpeaks a language ſo intelligible to the common apprehenſion."

The ſecret of this wonderful ſucceſs, ſo far at leaſt as the ſecrets of genius can be penetrated, would ſeem to be, that Raphael never copied, but painted always, as indeed he has himſelf declared, from an idea in his own mind: while the Madonnas of moſt other artiſts were portraits. Andrea del Sarto, Rubens, and Albano, painted their wives; Allori and Vandyck their miſtreſſes; Domenichino his daughter.

On this point, Kugler obſerves: "Like all other artiſts, Raphael is always greateſt when, undiſturbed by foreign influence, he follows the free and original impulſe of his own mind. His peculiar element was

Digitized by Google

grace and beauty of form, in as far as theſe are the expreſſion of high moral purity. Hence, notwithſtanding the grand works in which he was employed by the Popes, his peculiar powers are moſt fully developed in the Madonnas and Holy Families, of which he has left ſo great a number. In his youth, he ſeems to have been fondeſt of this claſs of ſubjects. They are conceived with a graceful freedom, ſo delicately controlled, that it appears always guided by the fineſt feeling for the laws of art. They place before us thoſe deareſt relations of life which form the foundation of morality, the cloſeſt ties of family love; yet they ſeem to breathe a feeling ſtill higher and holier. Mary is not only the affectionate mother; ſhe appears, at the ſame time, with an expreſſion of almoſt virgin timidity, and yet as the bleſſed one of whom the Lord was born. The infant Chriſt is not only the cheerful, innocent child, but a prophetic ſeriouſneſs reſts on his features which tells of his future deſtiny.

In any comparative eſtimate of Raphael's powers or performances, the ſhortneſs of his life muſt not be overlooked. It is ſomewhat remarkable that of ſeventy-ſeven artiſts of renown, from Cimabue, born in 1240, to Turner, who died in 1852, all but two—Paul Potter, who died at the age of 27, and Giorgione, who lived

Digitized by Google

but 34 years—exceed Raphael in the length of their ſeveral careers. The average life of the ſeventy-ſeven was 68 years, 8 months.

The eminent hiſtorical painter, Opie, concludes a lecture at the Royal Inſtitution thus:—"The hiſtory of no man's life affords a more encouraging and inſtructive example than that of RAPHAEL. The path by which he aſcended to eminence is open, and the ſteps viſible to all. He began with apparently no very uncommon fund of ability, but, ſenſible of his deficiencies, he loſt no opportunity of repairing them. He ſtudied all the artiſts of his own and former times, and penetrated all their myſteries, maſtered their peculiarities, and grafted all their excellencies on his own ſtock."

Digitized by Google

Hymn to the Virgin.

EDGAR A. POE.

AT morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria, thou haſt heard my hymn:
In joy and woe, in good and ill,
Mother of God, be with me ſtill!
When the hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obſcured the ſky,
My ſoul, leſt it ſhould truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee.
Now, when ſtorms of fate o'ercaſt
Darkly my preſent and my paſt,
Let my future radiance ſhine
With ſweet hopes of thee and thine.

Digitized by Google

Vierge au Berceau.

THIS charming conception was preſented by Raphael to Adrian Gouffier, Cardinal de Boiſſy, whom Leo X. ſent legate into France. It is painted on copper; is one foot three inches high, and eleven and one-half inches wide. After being preſerved for a ſeries of years in the family of the recipient, it came into the cabinet of the Duke de Rouanez, and was purchaſed by Louis XIV. of the Abbe de Brienne; and it now beautifies the walls of the Louvre. On the right, the infant Jeſus, ſtanding, leaning on the Virgin, his feet reſting on his cradle, takes in his hands the head of the young Saint John, whom Saint Elizabeth, kneeling, is preſenting to him. Behind the figures are trees and part of a wall in ruins. On the right and left, a beautiful landſcape.

Digitized by Google

De Quincey remarks of this picture, that in it "there is great vigor of tone and moſt careful handling. The genius of Raphael ſhines forth from every figure. The infant Jeſus is imbued with a grace and beauty truly divine. The landſcape is ſmiling and brilliant."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Invocation to the Virgin.

CHAUCER.

MODERNIZED BY WORDSWORTH.

O MOTHER Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O buſh unburnt, burning in Moſes' ſight!
That down didſt raviſh from the Deity,
Through humbleneſs, the Spirit that did alight
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's might,
Conceived was the Father's ſapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

Lady, thy goodneſs, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpaſs all ſcience and all utterance;
For, ſometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee,
Thou go'ſt before in thy benignity,

Digitized by Google

The light to us vouchſafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son ſo dear.

My knowledge is ſo weak, O blissful Queen,
To tell abroad thy mighty worthineſs,
That I the weight of it may not ſuſtain,
But as a child of twelve months old, or leſs,
That laboreth his language to expreſs,
Even ſo fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my ſong, which I of thee ſhall ſay.

Digitized by Google

La Madonna dell Pesce.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

THE Madonna of the Fiſh was painted on panel, between 1513 and 1515, for the church of San Domenico, at Naples, and placed in that chapel wherein is the crucifix which ſpoke to St. Thomas Aquinas. By the chances of events, the picture was tranſported from Naples to Spain, from Spain to Paris, where it was transferred* from panel to canvas,

---

* The transfer of a painting from panel to canvas ſeems ſo impoſſible an operation, and the proceſs is ſo ingenious and intereſting, that it may not be amiſs to record here the deſcription of it, given by the members of the National Inſtitute, Paris, by whom it was performed upon another of Raphael's pictures:—

"It was neceſſary, as a previous ſtep, to render the ſurface of the panel, on which the picture was painted, perfectly plane. To this end, a gauze having been paſted over the painting, the picture was turned on its face. There was then formed in the ſubſtance of the wood a number of ſmall channels, at certain diſtances from each other, and extending from the upper extremity of the arch, to where the panel preſented a truer ſurface. He introduced into theſe channels ſmall wooden wedges, and afterwards covered the whole ſurface with wet cloths, which he took care to renew from time to time.

Digitized by Google

and again returned to Spain, where it now repoſes in the Gallery of the Eſcurial in Madrid. It repreſents the Madonna and child upon a throne; on one ſide, and kneeling on a ſtep of the throne, is St. Jerome,

"The action of theſe wedges, expanding by the humidity, obliged the panel to reaſſume its original form, the two parts of the crack before mentioned were brought together; and the artiſt, having introduced a ſtrong glue to re-unite them, applied croſs bars of oak, for the purpoſe of retaining the picture, during its drying, in the form which it had taken.

"The deſiccation was performed very ſlowly; a ſecond gauze was applied over the former, and upon that two ſucceſſive layers of ſpongy paper. This preparation, which is called the cartonnage, being dry, the picture was again inverted upon a table, to which it was firmly fixed down, and they afterwards proceeded to the ſeparation of the wood on which the picture had been painted.

"The firſt operation was performed by means of two ſaws, the one of which worked perpendicularly, and the other horizontally. The work of the ſaws being finiſhed, the wood was found to be reduced to one-tenth of an inch in thickneſs. The artiſt afterwards made uſe of a plane, of a convex form, in the direction of its breadth: this was applied obliquely upon the wood, ſo as to take off very ſmall ſhavings, and to avoid raiſing the grain of the wood, which was reduced by this means to ·002 of an inch thick.

"He took afterwards a flat-toothed plane, of which the effect is nearly ſimilar to that of a raſp, which takes off the wood in form of a duſt or powder: it was reduced by this tool to a thickneſs not exceeding that of an ordinary ſheet of paper.

"In this ſtate, the wood having been repeatedly wetted with fair water, in ſmall compartments, was carefully detached by the artiſt with the rounded point of a knife blade. The citizen Hacquin having then taken away the whole of the priming on which the picture had been painted, and eſpecially the varniſhes, which ſome former reparations had made neceſſary, laid open the very ſketch itſelf of Raffaello.

"In order to give ſome degree of ſuppleneſs to the painting, ſo much hardened by time, it was rubbed with cotton dipped in oil, and wiped with old muſlin; after which, a coating of white lead, ground with oil, was ſubſtituted for the former priming, and laid on with a ſoft bruſh.

"After three months drying, a gauze was paſted on to the oil-priming, and over that a fine cloth. This being again dried, the picture was detached from the table, and again turned, for the purpoſe of taking off the cartonnage by means of water; which operation being finiſhed, they proceeded to take away certain inequalities of the ſurface, which had ariſen from its un-

Digitized by Google

reading from a book. On the other ſide, the young Tobit (Tobias), bearing a fiſh in one hand, is preſented by the guardian angel Raphael.

"Tobias with his fiſh," says Mrs. Jameſon, "was an early type of baptiſm." "The angel Raphael leading Tobias, always expreſſes protection, and eſpecially protection to the young." Bonnemaiſon, a learned commentator, has pretended that the object of this picture was to ſignify the acknowledged canonicalneſs of the Book of Tobit, and the verſion of it, made by St. Jerome; the child Jeſus, by the reception he ſeems to give to the young Tobit—expreſſing the approbation of the book by the Church. This is pronounced by

---

equal ſhrinking during the former operations. To this end, the artiſt applied ſucceſſively to theſe inequalities a thin paſte of wheaten flour, over which a ſtrong paper being laid, he paſſed over it a heated iron, which produced the deſired effect; but it was not until the moſt careful trial had been made of the due heat of the iron, that it was allowed to approach the picture.

"We have thus ſeen, that having fixed the picture, freed from every extraneous matter, upon an oil priming, and having given a true form to its ſurface, it yet remained to apply this chef-d'œuvre of art firmly upon a new ground. To this end, it was neceſſary to paper it afreſh, and to take away the gauze, which had been proviſionally laid upon the priming, to add a new coat of white lead and oil, and to apply upon that a very ſoft gauze, over which was again laid a cloth, woven all of one piece, and impregnated on the exterior ſurface with a reſinous mixture, which ſerved to fix it upon a ſimilar cloth ſtretched upon the frame. This laſt operation required the utmoſt care, in applying to the prepared cloth the body of the painting, freed again from its cartonnage, in avoiding the injuries which might ariſe from too great or unequal an extenſion, and, at the ſame time, in obliging every part of its vaſt extent to adhere equally to the cloth ſtretched upon the frame.

"Thus was this valuable picture incorporated with a baſe more durable even than its former one, and guarded againſt thoſe accidents which had before produced its decay."

Digitized by Google

De Quincey, "one of Raphael's moſt pleaſing compoſitions—one of thoſe which appear to have been moſt completely the work of his own hand. Its tone is everywhere clear. It has all the purity, all the ſimplicity of the firſt age; and, at the ſame time, all the firmneſs, all the breadth of ſtyle, the fruit of mature talent. Nothing can be more true than the head of Saint Jerome; nothing more expreſſive than that of the angel Raphael; nothing more ſimple than the poſition, or more innocent than the countenance of the young Tobit; and never did the painter conceive any thing more noble and more modeſt, any thing grander and more graceful, than the figure of the Virgin."

Wilkie ſays, "the head and neck of the angel may may be conſidered to realize the beau-ideal of the ſuppoſed art of the Greeks."

Kugler conſiders the picture as uniting "the ſublime and abſtract character of ſacred beings with the individuality of nature in the happieſt manner . . . all the figures are graceful and dignified, and all combine in beautiful harmony, and leave a refined impreſſion on the feelings of the ſpectator."

Digitized by Google

Oh, Virgin Mother!

TRANSLATED FROM DANTE, BY CARY.

OH, Virgin-Mother, daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in lowlineſs
Surpaſſing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counſel preordained;
Ennobler of thy nature, ſo advanced
In thee, that its great Maker did not ſcorn
To make himſelf his own creation;
For in thy womb, rekindling ſhone the love
Revealed, whoſe genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace:
Here thou, to us, of charity and love
Art as the noonday torch, and art beneath,
To mortal men, of hope a living ſpring.
So mighty art thou, Lady, and ſo great,
That he who grace deſireth, and comes not

Digitized by Google

To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him who asks,
Thy bounty succors; but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combined in thee!

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

La Vierge au Voile.

SEVERAL copies of this pleaſing picture, or more properly, repetitions of the ſame idea—the Sleeping Saviour, from whom the Holy Mother gently removes the covering—exiſt in the galleries of Europe. The one here repreſented is from the original in the Louvre, and is known alſo, as "La Vierge au Diademe," from the diadem with which the Virgin is crowned. In the eſtimation of the editors of the great work, the "Muſee Francais," "this painting merits peculiar diſtinction among the many Raphael executed on the ſame ſubject, from the beautiful ſentiment it expreſſes, and by the charm of the compoſition. He has depicted the ſweet ſenſation of a tender mother when ſhe contemplates her child ſunk in a deep and tranquil ſleep. He has placed the Virgin crouched beſide her infant, in the Eaſtern manner, raiſing ſoftly the veil that covers him, that he may be ſeen by St.

Digitized by Google

John. The background of the picture repreſents the ruins of a temple in the neighborhood of the town of Saccheti, near St. Peter. The picture belonged formerly to M. de la Vrilliere, and afterwards paſſed into the cabinet of the Prince de Cavignan, and at his death was purchaſed by Louis XIV."

The original is two feet two and three-fourths inches, by one foot ſeven and one-half inches, and, according to Kugler, has been much injured, like ſo many others at the Louvre.

Mrs. Jameſon conſiders the picture replete with grace and expreſſion.

Can we better conclude, than by an extract from Mrs. Browning's Addreſs of the Virgin Mary to the Child Jeſus?—"Sleep, ſleep, mine Holy One"—

"Perchance this ſleep that ſhutteth out the dreary
Earth ſounds and motions, opens on thy ſoul
High dreams on fire with God;
High ſongs that make the pathways where they roll
More bright than ſtars do theirs; and viſions new
Of thine eternal nature's old abode.
Suffer this mother's kiſs,
Beſt thing that earthly is,
To glide the muſic and the glory through,
To narrow in thy dream the broad upliftings
Of any ſeraph's wing.
Thus, noiſeleſs, thus! Sleep, ſleep, my dreaming One."

Digitized by Google

The Worship of the Madonna.

MRS. JAMESON.

OF the pictures in our galleries, public or private—of the architectural adornments of thoſe majeſtic edifices which ſprung up in the middle ages (where they have not been deſpoiled or deſecrated by a zeal as fervent as that which reared them), the largeſt and moſt beautiful portion have reference to the Madonna—her character, her perſon, her hiſtory. It was a theme which never tired her votaries—whether, as in the hands of the great and ſincere artiſts, it became one of the nobleſt and lovelieſt, or, as in the hands of the ſuperficial, unbelieving, time-ſerving artiſts, one of the moſt degraded. * * * It is not my intention to enter here on that diſputed point, the origin of the worſhip of the Madonna. * * * That

Digitized by Google

the veneration paid to Mary in the early Church was a very natural feeling in thoſe who advocated the divinity of her Son, would be granted, I ſuppoſe, by all but the moſt bigoted reformers; that it led to unwiſe and wild extremes, confounding the creature with the Creator, would be admitted, I ſuppoſe, by all but the moſt bigoted Roman Catholics.

How it extended from the Eaſt over the nations of the Weſt, how it grew and ſpread, may be read in eccleſiaſtical hiſtories. Everywhere it ſeems to have found in the human heart ſome deep ſympathy—deeper far than mere theological doctrine could reach—ready to accept it; and in every land the ground prepared for it in ſome already dominant idea of a Mother-Goddeſs, chaſte, beautiful, and benign. * * *

It is curious to obſerve, as the worſhip of the Virgin-Mother expanded and gathered to itſelf the relics of many an ancient faith, how the new and the old elements, ſome of them apparently the moſt heterogeneous, became amalgamated, and were combined into the early forms of art;—how the Madonna, when ſhe aſſumed the characteriſtics of the great Diana of Epheſus, at once the type of Fertility, and the Goddeſs of Chaſtity, became, as the imperſonation of motherhood, all beauty, bounty, and graciouſneſs; and at the ſame

Digitized by Google

time, by virtue of her perpetual virginity, the patroneſs of ſingle and aſcetic life—the example and the excuſe for many of the wildeſt of the early monkiſh theories. * * * The firſt hiſtorical mention of a direct worſhip paid to the Virgin Mary, occurs in a paſſage in the works of St Epiphanius, who died in 403. The very firſt inſtance which occurs in written hiſtory of an invocation to Mary, is in the life of St. Juſtina, as related by Gregory Nazianzen. To the ſame period—the fourth century—we refer the moſt ancient repreſentations of the Virgin in art. The earlieſt figures extant are thoſe on the Chriſtian ſarcophagi; but neither in the early ſculpture, nor in the moſaics of S. Maria Maggiore, do we find any figure of the Virgin ſtanding alone; ſhe forms a part of the group of the Nativity or the Adoration of the Magi. There is no attempt at individuality or portraiture. St. Auguſtine ſays expreſſly, that there exiſted, in his time, no authentic portrait of the Virgin.

Digitized by Google

Holy Family.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

O CHILD of beauty rare—
O mother chaſte and fair—
How happy ſeem they both, ſo far
beyond compare!

She, in her infant bleſt,
And he in conſcious reſt,
Neſtling within the ſoft warm cradle
of her breaſt!

What joy that ſight might bear
To him who ſees them there,
If with a pure and guilt untroubled eye,
He looked upon the twain, like Joſeph
ſtanding by.

Digitized by Google

Madonna della Seggiola.

THIS celebrated picture—entitled alſo, "La Vierge a la Chaiſe"—is, without exception, the beſt known of Raphael's Madonnas, and that from which the greateſt number of copies have been taken. It is, therefore, inconteſtably the favorite with the public, if not with artiſts and amateurs.

This has been variouſly accounted for. A modern writer on Art, remarks of the Virgin-Mother (whoſe ſitting poſition, it may be obſerved, gives the picture its diſtinctive appellation), "Her form, her features, an indeſcribable ſweetneſs of expreſſion, the maternal tenderneſs beaming from her ſoft hazel eye, the modeſt and pious conſciouſneſs of being the mother of a God, the poſition of the child's cheek to her own, expreſſive at once of both dignity and fondneſs of affection, the

Digitized by Google

propriety of coſtume, the coloring, the finiſh—all, all are divine."

The Editors of the famous "Muſee Francais" diſcourſe thus:—"All theſe pictures of Raphael are conceived with judgment, compoſed with grace, drawn with preciſion, and painted with the utmoſt perfection of art. Whence comes it, then, that this, more than any other, poſſeſſes an inconceivable charm, but from the countenance of the Virgin, whoſe features are more uniformly fine, whoſe eyes have greater vivacity, whoſe whole expreſſion is more ſtriking and gracious, than diſtinguiſh any other compoſition on the ſame ſubject, which are more generally remarked for ſimplicity of character.

"The contouring, likewiſe, exhibits extraordinary purity, correctneſs, and beauty. It is remarked that the paint itſelf is ſuperior to that employed by Raphael in any other production."

De Quincey conſiders this, in "coloring and grace of attitude and arrangement, one of Raphael's moſt agreeable productions. The manner in which the child and mother are grouped, and in which the head of the latter is turned back, the elegance and grace of the enſemble, have ſingularly captivated the taſte of thoſe who are leſs ſenſible to the religious keeping of

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

the ſubject, than to the general impreſſion of a graceful effect upon the ſenſes."

The accompliſhed author of the "Six Months in Italy" regards it as a work of great ſweetneſs, purity, and tenderneſs, but not repreſenting all the power of the artiſt's genius. "Its chief charm, and the ſecret of its world-wide popularity, is its happy blending of the divine and the human elements. Some painters treat this ſubject in ſuch a way that the ſpectator ſees only a mortal mother careſſing her child; while, by others, the only ideas awakened are thoſe of the Virgin and the Redeemer. But heaven and earth meet on Raphael's canvas: the purity of heaven and the tenderneſs of earth. The round, infantile forms, the fond, claſping arms, the ſweetneſs and the grace belong to the world that is around us; but the faces—eſpecially that of the infant Saviour, in whoſe eyes there is a myſterious depth of expreſſion, which no engraving has ever fully caught—are touched with light from heaven, and ſuggeſt ſomething to worſhip as well as to love."

Mrs. Jameſon, in her "Diary of an Ennuyee," records of this Madonna:—"The prevailing expreſſion is a ſerious and penſive tenderneſs; her eyes are turned from her infant, but ſhe claſps him to her boſom, as if it were not neceſſary to ſee him, to feel him in her heart."

Digitized by Google

And laſtly, Kugler deſcribes her as "a beautiful and blooming woman, looking out of the picture in the tranquil enjoyment of maternal love; the Child is full and ſtrong in form, has a ſerious, ingenuous and grand expreſſion. The coloring is uncommonly warm and beautiful."

The original is circular in form, two feet four inches in diameter. It was painted about 1516, and formed part of the Florentine Gallery from 1539 till a later period, when it was transferred to the Pitti Palace.

It has been valued at 150,000 francs.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Mary!

SHELLEY.

SERAPH of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is inſupportable in thee
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet benediction in the eternal curſe!
Veiled Glory of this lampleſs univerſe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form
Among the Dead! Thou Star above the ſtorm!
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the ſplendor of the Sun,
All ſhapes look glorious which thou gazeſt on!

Digitized by Google

See where ſhe ſtands! a mortal ſhape endued
With love, and life, and light, and deity;
The motion which may change but cannot die;
An image of ſome bright eternity;
A ſhadow of ſome golden dream; a ſplendor
Leaving the third ſphere pilotleſs.

Digitized by Google

La Vierge aux Palmiers.

ON the first visit of Raphael to Florence, he was welcomed with warm hospitality by Zaddeo Taddei, a great admirer of genius. Raphael, that he might not be surpassed in generosity and courtesy, painted, probably between 1506 and 1508, two pictures for his kind entertainer, wherein there are traces of his first manner, derived from Pietro, and also of that much better one which he acquired by study. These were both pictures of the Madonna, and after the decease of Zaddeo's immediate heirs, were dispersed, and only traced within a few years. One is in the Gallery of the Belvidere at Vienna; the other, representing the entire Holy Family reposing under a palm tree, is in the Bridgewater Gallery, in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere, London. It was formerly in the Orleans Collection, having been purchased for 1,000 pounds.

Digitized by Google

It is circular in form, three feet nine inches in diameter; was originally painted on panel, but ſince transferred to canvas.

Not wholly inappropriate, in this connection, are Mrs. Hemans' fine lines on the "Repoſe of the Holy Family, during the Flight into Egypt:"—

"Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
Lulled on his mother's breaſt, the fair child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender ſmile
Brooding above the ſlumber of His eyes;
While, through the ſtillneſs of the burning ſkies,
Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond Him riſe,
Regal and ſtill as everlaſting things.
Vain pomps! from Him, with that pure flowery cheek,
Soft ſhadowed by His mother's drooping head,
A new born ſpirit, mighty and yet meek,
O'er the whole world like vernal air ſhall ſpread,
And bid all earthly grandeurs caſt the crown,
Before the ſuffering and the lowly down."

Digitized by Google

Raphael and Fornarina.

By L. E. Landon.

[Raphael was eſſentially the painter of beauty. Of the devotion with which he ſought its inſpiration, in its preſence, a remarkable inſtance is recorded. He either could not, or would not, paint without the preſence of his lovely miſtreſs, La Fornarina.]

AH! not for him the dull and meaſured eye,
Which colors nothing in the common ſky,
Which ſees but night upon the ſtarry cope,
And animates with no myſterious hope.
Which looks upon a quiet face, nor dreams
If it be ever tranquil as it ſeems;
Which reads no hiſtories in a parting look,
Nor on the cheek, which is the heart's own book,
Whereon it writes in roſy characters
Whate'er emotion in its ſilence ſtirs.

Digitized by Google

Such are the common people of the ſoul,
Of whom the ſtars write not in their bright ſcroll.
Theſe, when the ſunſhine on the noontide makes
Golden confuſion in the foreſt brakes,
See no ſweet ſhadows gliding o'er the graſs,
Which ſeem to fill with wild flowers as they paſs;
Theſe, from the twilight muſic of the fount
Aſk not its ſecret and its ſweet account;
Theſe never ſeek to read the chronicle
Which hides within the hyacinth's dimlit bell:
They know not of the poetry which lies
Upon the ſummer roſe's languid eyes;
They have not ſpiritual viſitings elyſian,
They dream no dreamings, and they ſee no viſion.
The young Italian was not of the clay,
That doth to duſt one long allegiance pay.
No; he was tempered with that finer flame,
Which ancient fables ſay from heaven came;
The ſunſhine of the ſoul, which fills the earth
With beauty borrowed from its place of birth.
Hence has his lute its ſong, the ſcroll its line;
Hence ſtands the ſtatue glorious in its ſhrine;
Hence the fair picture, kings are fain to win,
The mind's creations from the world within.

* * * * * *

Digitized by Google

Not without me!—alone, thy hand
Forgot its art awhile;
Thy pencil loſt its high command,
Uncheriſhed by my ſmile.
It was too dull a taſk for thee
To paint remembered rays;
Thou, who were wont to gaze on me,
And color from that gaze.

I know that I am very fair,
I would I were divine,
To realize the ſhapes that ſhare
Thoſe midnight hours of thine.
Thou ſometimes telleſt me, how in ſleep
What lovely phantoms ſeem;
I hear thee name them, and I weep
Too jealous of a dream.

But thou did'ſt pine for me, my love,
Aſide thy colors thrown;
'Twas ſad to raiſe thine eyes above,
Unanſwered by mine own;
Thou who art wont to lift thoſe eyes,
And gather from my face
The warmth of life's impaſſioned dyes,
Its color and its grace.

Digitized by Google

Ah! let me linger at thy ſide,
And ſing ſome ſweet old ſong,
That tells of hearts as true and tried,
As to ourſelves belong.
The love whoſe light thy colors give,
Is kindled at the heart;
And who ſhall bid its influence live,
My Raphael, if we part?

Digitized by Google

La Vierge a l'Oiseau.

KNOWN ALSO AS THE

MADONNA DEL CARDELLINO.

WHILE Raphael was in Florence, for the firſt time, he formed a cloſe friendſhip with Lorenzo Naſi, and the latter having taken a wife at that time, Raphael, ſays Vaſari, painted a picture for him, wherein he repreſented Our Lady with the Infant Chriſt, to whom St. John, alſo a child, is joyouſly offering a bird, which is cauſing infinite delight and gladneſs to both children. In the attitude of each there is a child-like ſimplicity of the utmoſt lovelineſs; they are, beſides, ſo admirably colored, and finiſhed with ſo much care, that they ſeem more like living beings than paintings. Equally good is the figure of the Madonna: it has an air of ſingular grace and even divinity, while all

Digitized by Google

the reſt of the work—the foreground, the ſurrounding landſcape, and every other particular, are extremely beautiful. This picture was held in the higheſt eſtimation by Lorenzo Naſi ſo long as he lived, not only becauſe it was a memorial of Raphael, who had been ſo much his friend, but on account of the dignity and excellence of the whole compoſition; but on the 9th of Auguſt, 1548, the work was nearly deſtroyed by the ſinking down of the hill of San Giorgio, when the manſion of Lorenzo was overwhelmed by the fallen maſſes. The fragments of the picture were found among the ruins of the houſe, and put together in the beſt manner that he could contrive by Batiſta, a ſon of Lorenzo, who was a great lover of art! The picture now adorns the Tribune of the Florentine Gallery, though this has been regarded by ſome as a duplicate, or perhaps a copy, of the original work preſented to Naſi.

Hillard, in that charming record of his "Six Months in Italy," alluding to this picture in connection with a "St. John in the Deſert," alſo by Raphael—remarks, "Theſe two pictures are not penetrated with that maturity and vigor which Raphael's genius ſubſequently attained, but they are full of thoſe winning and engaging qualities which belonged to it in every ſtage of its development."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Jameſon regards this work as perhaps the moſt perfect example of the claſs of Madonnas to which it belongs—the group of three—which could be cited from the whole range of art: and Kugler ſays, "The form and countenance of the Madonna are of the pureſt beauty; her whole ſoul ſeems to breathe holineſs and peace. John alſo is extremely ſweet; but the figure of the infant Chriſt does not fulfil the artiſt's intention, which appears to have been to repreſent the ſerioufneſs and dignity of a Divine being in a childlike form."

Digitized by Google

Zappi's Sonnet

ON THE PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN, BY

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

AND this is Raffaelle! There in that one face,
So ſadly ſweet, ſought nature to portray
His own high dreams of nobleneſs and grace,
The all of genius that ſhe could convey
In features viſible. He alone could trace
The great Idea; nor could he eſſay
Upon the eternal canvas thus to place,
Secure in beauty far beyond decay,
Another form ſo glorious as his own.
E'en eager Death held in ſuſpenſe his dart:
"How ſhall the painter from his work be known?"
He aſks, "that I may ſtrike him to the heart?"
"Fruitleſs thy rage," the great ſoul gives reply,
"Nor image, nor its author, e'er ſhall die!"

Digitized by Google

Raphael's Genius.

From "Guesses at Truth."

MILTON has been compared to Raphael. He is much more like Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo is the painter of the Old Teſtament, Raphael of the New. Now Milton, as Wordsworth has ſaid of him, was a Hebrew in ſoul. He was grand, ſevere, auſtere. He loved to deal with the primeval, elementary forms, both of inanimate nature and of human, before the manifold, ever-multiplying combinations of thought and feeling had ſhaped themſelves into the multifarious complexities of human character. * * * *

Where to find a parallel for Raphael in the modern world, I know not. Sophocles, among poets, moſt reſembles him. In knowledge of the diverſities of human character, he comes nearer than any other

Digitized by Google

painter to him, who is unapproached and unapproachable, Shakſpeare; and yet two worlds, that of Humor, and that of Paſſion, ſeparate them. In exquiſiteneſs of art, Goethe might be compared to him. But neither he nor Shakſpeare has Raphael's deep Chriſtian feeling. And then there is ſuch a peculiar glow and bluſh of beauty in his works: whitherſoever he comes, he ſheds beauty from his wings.

Why did he die ſo early? Becauſe morning cannot laſt till noon, nor ſpring through ſummer. Early, too, as it was, he had lived through two ſtages of his art, and had carried both to their higheſt perfection.

This rapid progreſſiveneſs of mind he alſo had in common with Shakſpeare and Goethe, and with few others.

Digitized by Google

Sainte Famille dite La Perle.

AFTER the death of Charles I. of England, a ſale was ordered of his collection of Works of Art, valued at £49,903 2s. 6d. The diſperſion took place in 1650 and 1653, attracting vaſt numbers of agents from foreign princes, and amateurs from all parts of Europe. The total proceeds of the ſale, including the embroideries, jewels, etc., was £118,080 10s. 2d.; the ſeven Cartoons being purchaſed for the Britiſh nation for £300.

The purchaſes of the Spaniſh ambaſſador, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, were ſo great, that eighteen mules were required to convey them from Corunna to Madrid. Among them was the large Holy Family by Raphael, from the Mantua Collection, for which he gave £2,000. Philip IV. is ſaid to have exclaimed on ſeeing it, "This is my Pearl;" hence the picture has

Digitized by Google

been ſo deſignated by lovers of art. "And he was a good judge," ſays the editor of Murray's Hand-Book of Spain, "for never was the ſerious gentleneſs of the bleſſed Virgin-Mother, her beauty of form, her purity of ſoul, better portrayed."

Says Kugler, it is "the moſt important, and, in compoſition, unqueſtionably the fineſt of Raphael's Holy Families. The figures arranged in perfect harmony, form a beautiful group."

The Madonna is repreſented full life-ſize, holding with one hand the Infant Jeſus, who is half ſeated on her right knee, his left leg reſting on the cradle, the other hanging down. The little St. John, raiſing with both hands the ſkirt of his ſkin garb, is preſenting to the Infant Jeſus the fruits he has collected there. The child, ere he takes them, turns ſmilingly towards his mother, as if to ſolicit her permiſſion. Mary's left arm reſts on the ſhoulder of St. Anne, who, kneeling, ſeems abſorbed in meditation. The background is occupied on one ſide with a landſcape, on the other with ruins, cloſe to which we ſee St. Joſeph.

De Quincey remarks, "The coloring of this picture, though ſomewhat faded by the effects of time, has preſerved great vigor, and a harmony, which, in ſome of its parts, need fear no compariſon with the works of

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

the Venetian ſchool. The fleſh tints of the Infant Jeſus are as brilliant, as the movement and outlines of the figure are graceful and pure. In more than one place of the picture, we detect corrections, or ſecond thoughts. We learn from theſe that the head of the Virgin, now a three-quarters face, was at firſt in profile. The hair above the left temple has been raiſed. We alſo perceive ſeveral alterations in the outline of the left hand of the Virgin, and of the left thigh of the child."

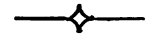
Three others of Raphael's pictures are in the Eſcurial Gallery: i. e., The Madonna del Spaſimo, Virgen del Pez (of the Fiſh), and the Annunciation. Theſe four gems came near falling into Engliſh hands a few years ſince. It having been intimated that the government was diſpoſed to part with them, Lord Clarendon offered, through the Spaniſh miniſter, the ſum of £80,000 for them. But profound ſecrecy was a condition of the negotiation—whether with a view of replacing the originals with copies, on the walls of the Gallery, which a public, ignorant of the ſale, ſhould accept as genuine, can only be ſurmiſed,—and the matter coming to the ears of the public, the Spaniſh government withdrew its conſent to the ſale.

Digitized by Google

Studies of Raphael.

Henry Ward Beecher.

WHEN I was in the Galleries of Oxford, I ſaw many of the deſigns of Raphael and Michael Angelo. I looked upon them with reverence, and took up ſuch of them as I was permitted to touch, as one would take up a love-token. It ſeemed to me, theſe ſketches brought me nearer the great maſters than their finiſhed pictures could have done, becauſe therein I ſaw the mind's proceſſes as they were firſt born. They were the firſt ſalient points of the inſpiration.



Mozart and Raphael! as long as the winds make the air give forth ſounds, and the ſun paints the earth with colors, ſo long ſhall the world not let theſe names die.

Digitized by Google

Hymn to the Virgin.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

MOTHER of the ſpirit child!
Of the guileleſs and the meek,
Mournful are thine eyes, but mild
With a beauty from above;
Pale but eloquent with love,
Thy youthful brow and cheek!
Thou, oh! thou haſt known a parent's waſting grief!
A ſuppliant parent kneels, imploring thy relief!

By the pure and ſolemn joy
Filling all thy maiden breaſt,
When the precious heaven-born boy,
Glowing with celeſtial charms,
Lay within thoſe virgin arms
A bright and wondrous gueſt!
Hear in mercy, hear the faltering voice of grief!
A ſuppliant mother kneels, imploring thy relief!

Digitized by Google

By thine anguiſh in that hour,
Hour of woe and dread, when Death
Dared to ſtay the awful power,
High, majeſtic yet benign;
Dared to ſeal the truth divine
Which dwelt upon his breath!
By thy hope, thy truſt, thy rapture, and thy grief,
Oh! ſainted Marie! ſend this breaking heart relief!

Digitized by Google

Madonna di Foligno,

ALSO KNOWN AS

LA VIERGE AU DONATAIRE.

THIS renowned Madonna belongs to the claſs of votive* pictures. Sigiſmund Conti, of Foligno, a learned hiſtorian, and private ſecretary to Pope Julius II., having been in great danger from a meteor, or thunderbolt, vowed an offering to the Bleſſed Virgin, to whom he attributed his ſafety, and in fulfilment of his vow, induced Raphael to paint this precious

---

* Providential eſcapes, victories, and ſucceſſes, were among the moſt frequent occaſions of what are called votive pictures. In theſe compoſitions, the Madonna and Child are generally repreſented ſurrounded by ſaints, the latter being ſelected for various reaſons, according to the taſte or devotion of the proprietor of the picture. The donor is frequently introduced kneeling, ſometimes alone, ſometimes with his family, and in many caſes a patron ſaint recommends the votaries. The ultimate interceſſion of the Madonna is, however, diſtinctly intimated by her appearing in the character of the "Mater Dei." When ſhe is repreſented alone, her action is more directly that of a ſuppliant.—Sir Chas. Eastlake.

Digitized by Google

picture, which he beſtowed upon the Church of Ara Cœli in Rome. This was in 1511, when Raphael was in his twenty-eighth year. In the upper part of the picture is the Madonna with the Child, enthroned on the clouds in a glory, ſurrounded by angels. Underneath, on one ſide, kneels the donor, raiſing his folded hands to the Virgin; behind him ſtands St. Jerome, who recommends him to her care. On the other ſide is St. Francis, alſo kneeling and looking upward, while he points with one hand out of the picture to the people, for whom he entreats the protection of the Mother of Grace; behind him is John the Baptiſt, who points to the Madonna, while he looks at the ſpectator as if inviting the latter to pay her homage.

In the centre of the picture and immediately beneath the Virgin, is an angel boy; his head raiſed, while in his hands he holds a tablet, evidently intended for an inſcription, though no trace appears thereon. The background is a beautiful landſcape. In the diſtance is the city of Foligno, on which falls a meteor, an alluſion to the circumſtance which called forth the donation; above theſe, arches a rainbow—pledge of peace and ſafety.

The Church of Ara Cœli, in which the picture was dedicated, belonged to the Franciſcans, which ac-

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

counts for the introduction of St. Francis into the compoſition. The preſence of the figure of St. Jerome is not ſo eaſily explained; but Mrs. Jameſon ſuggeſts the following hypotheſis, which is at leaſt ingenious, and not improbable: "The patron ſaint of the donor, St. Sigiſmund, was a king and a warrior, and Conti might poſſibly think that it did not accord with his profeſſion, as an humble eccleſiaſtic, to introduce him here. The moſt celebrated convent of the Jeronimites in Italy is that of St. Sigiſmund near Cremona, placed under the ſpecial protection of St. Jerome, who is alſo, in a general ſenſe, the patron of all eccleſiaſtics; hence perhaps he figures here as the protector of Sigiſmund Conti."

Conti died in 1512, and in 1565 the picture was removed by his grandniece, Inora Anna Conti, to a convent called Le Conteſſe, at Foligno, of which ſhe was a nun. It was carried off to Paris by the French in 1792. At the reſtoration of the works of art in Italy, in 1815, it was placed in the VATICAN, of which it is now one of the moſt prized ornaments. This picture has received the higheſt encomiums for its ſpirit and execution, in its ſeveral parts and as a whole. It has been pronounced "one of Raphael's moſt remarkable examples for the expreſſion of character," and as

Digitized by Google

"one of the moſt vigorous in coloring and general execution."

Vaſari, in commenting upon the individual figures, remarks of St. John, "We recognize him by his attenuated frame, the reſult of penitence and long faſting; his countenance, the mirror of his ſoul, announces that frankneſs and abruptneſs of manners uſual with thoſe who flee the world, and who, if ever they appear in it, manifeſt themſelves the enemies of all diſſimulation."

To which ſentiment, De Quincey (the Biographer of Raphael and Michael Angelo) adds: "This is what Pliny calls pingere mores—an expreſſion, the literal tranſlation of which does not adequately repreſent its meaning, which ſhould be conſtrued—to paint the moral of each ſubject."

Hazlitt ſays, "I know not enough how to admire the innumerable heads of cherubs ſurrounding her, touched in with ſuch care and delicacy, yet ſo as ſcarcely to be perceptible except on cloſe inſpection, nor that figure of the winged cherub below, offering the caſket, and with his round chubby face and limbs as full of roſy health and joy, as the cup is full of the juice of the purple vines."

Kugler alſo ſpeaks of the angel with the tablet, as "of unſpeakable intenſity and exquiſite beauty—

Digitized by Google

one of the moſt marvellous figures that Raphael has created:" and Vaſari conſiders it "not poſſible to imagine any thing more graceful or more beautiful than this child, whether as regards the head or the reſt of the perſon."

The original is reported to be one of the beſt preſerved of Raphael's pictures, many of which have ſuffered from the hand of time, and the yet more to be dreaded hand of picture-cleaners and "reſtorers."

Digitized by Google

Stanzas,

SUGGESTED

BY A BEAUTIFUL COPY OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

By Bernard Barton.

I MAY not change the ſimple faith,
In which from childhood I was bred;
Nor could I, without ſcorn or ſcathe,
The living ſeek among the dead;
My ſoul has far too deeply fed
On what no painting can expreſs,
To bend the knee, or bow the head,
To aught of pictured lovelineſs.

And yet, Madonna! when I gaze
On charms unearthly, ſuch as thine;
Or glances yet more reverent raiſe,
Unto that infant, ſo Divine!

Digitized by Google

I marvel not that many a ſhrine
Hath been, and ſtill is, reared to thee,
Where mingled feelings might combine
To bow the head and bend the knee.

For who—that is of woman born,
And hath that birthright underſtood,
Mindful of being's early morn,
Can e'er behold with thoughtleſs mood,
Moſt pure and perfect womanhood?
Woman—by angel once addreſſed;
And by the wife, the great, the good
Of every age accounted bleſſed!

Or who that feels the ſpell—which Heaven
Caſts round us in our infancy,
But more or leſs, hath homage given
To childhood—half unconſcious why?
A yet more touching myſtery
Is in that feeling comprehended,
When thus is brought before the eye,
Godhead with childhood ſtrangely blended.

And hence I marvel not at all,
That ſpirits, needing outward aid,

Digitized by Google

Should feel and own the magic thrall
In your meek lovelineſs diſplayed:
And if the objects thus portrayed
Brought comfort, hope, or joy to them,
Their error, let who will upbraid,
I rather pity—than condemn.

For me, though not by hands of mine
May ſhrine or altar be upreared;
In you, the human and Divine
Have both ſo beautiful appeared,
That each, in turn, hath been endeared,
As in you feeling has explored
Woman—with holier love revered,
And God—more gratefully adored.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

La Vierge aux Candelabres.

THIS ſomewhat ſingular repreſentation of the Holy Mother and Child, is claſſed by Kugler among thoſe Madonnas which were, in a great meaſure, the work of Raphael's ſcholars, and only partially touched by the fingers of the great maſter himſelf.

If the face of the infant is one of the leaſt pleaſing of the ſeries, his poſition is eaſy and natural, and the countenance of the Virgin has a large ſhare of that ineffable ſweetneſs of expreſſion, combined with a calm thoughtfulneſs, which characterizes all the Madonnas of this artiſt.

The original painting formed a part of the collection of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, at the Palazzo Lucano, Rome; and was ſold in England, with other treaſures of art, by the Duke of Lucca, in 1840, and is now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Munro.

Digitized by Google

The Legend of Santarem.

By Caroline Southey.

COME liſten to a monkiſh tale of old,
Right Catholic, but puerile ſome may deem,
Who all unworthy their high notice hold
Aught but grave truth, or lofty learned theme;
Too wiſe for ſimple fancies, ſmiles and tears,
Dreams of our earlieſt, pureſt, happieſt years.

Come—liſten to my legend; for of them
Surely thou art not: and to thee I'll tell
How on a time in holieſt Santarem
Strange accident miraculous befell
Two little ones; who to the ſacred ſhrine
Came daily to be ſchooled in things divine.

Digitized by Google

Twin ſiſters—orphan innocents were they:
Moſt pure, I ween, from all but the olden taint,
Which only Jeſu's blood can waſh away:
And holy as the life of holieſt ſaint,
Was his, that good Dominican's, who fed
His maſter's lambs, with more than daily bread.

The children's cuſtom, while that pious man
Performed the various duties of his ſtate
Within the ſpacious church, as ſacriſtan,
Was on the altar ſteps to ſit and wait,
Neſtling together ('twas a lovely ſight!)
Like the young turtle-doves of Hebrew rite.

A ſmall rich chapel was their ſanctuary,
While thus abiding;—with adornment fair
Of curious carved work, wrought cunningly,
In all quaint patterns, and devices rare:
And over them, above the altar, ſmiled
From Mary-Mother's arms, the Holy Child.

Smiled on his infant gueſts, as there below,
On the fair altar ſteps, theſe young ones ſpread
(Nor aught irreverent in ſuch act I trow)
Their ſimple morning meal of fruit and bread.

Digitized by Google

Such feaſt not ill beſeemed the ſacred dome—
Their father's houſe is the dear children's home.

At length it chanced, upon a certain day,
When Frey Bernardo to the chapel came,
Where patiently was ever wont to ſtay
His infant charge; with vehement acclaim
Both liſping creatures forth to meet him ran,
And each to tell the ſame ſtrange tale began.

"Father!" they cried, as hanging on his gown
On either ſide, in each perplexed ear
They poured their eager tidings—"He came down—
Menino Jeſu has been with us here!—
We aſked him to partake our fruit and bread;
And he came down—and ſat with us—and fed."

"Children! my children! know ye what ye ſay?"
Bernardo haſtily replied—"But hold!—
Peace, Briolanja! raſh art thou alway:
Let Inez ſpeak." And little Inez told,
In her ſlow ſilvery ſpeech diſtinctly o'er,
The ſame ſtrange tidings he had heard before.

Digitized by Google

"Bleſſed are ye, my children!" with devout
And deep humility, the good man cried—
"Ye have been highly favored. Still to doubt
Were groſs impiety and ſceptic pride.
Ye have been highly favored. Children, dear!
Now your old maſter's loving counſel hear.

"Return to-morrow with the morning light,
And as before, ſpread out your ſimple fare
On the ſame table; and again invite
Menino Jeſu to deſcend and ſhare:
And if he come, ſay—'Bid us, bleſſed Lord!
We and our maſter to thy heavenly board.'

"Forget not, children of my ſoul! to plead
For your old maſter: even for his ſake
Who fed ye faithfully: and he will heed
Your innocent lips; and I ſhall ſo partake
With his dear lambs. Beloved, with the ſun
Return to-morrow. Then—His will be done."

"To-night! to-night! Menino Jeſu ſaith
We ſhall ſup with him, Father! we and thee,"
Cried out both happy children in a breath
As the good father entered anxiouſly

Digitized by Google

About the morrow's noon, that holy ſhrine,
Now conſecrate by ſpecial grace divine.

"He bade us come alone; but then we ſaid
We could not, without thee, our Maſter dear—
At that, he did not frown, but ſhook his head
Denyingly: Then ſtraight with many a tear
We prayed ſo ſore, he could not but relent,
And ſo he ſmiled at laſt, and gave conſent."

"Now God be praiſed!" the old man ſaid, and fell
In prayer upon the marble floor ſtraightway,
His face to earth: and ſo, till veſper bell,
Entranced in the ſpirit's depths he lay;
Then roſe like one refreſhed with wine, and ſtood,
Compoſed among th' aſſembling Brotherhood.

The maſs was ſaid; the evening chant was o'er;
Huſhed its long echoes through the lofty dome:
And now Bernardo knew the appointed hour
That he had prayed for, of a truth was come.
Alone he lingered in the ſolemn pile,
Where darkneſs gathered faſt from aiſle to aiſle;

Digitized by Google

Except that through a diſtant door-way ſtreamed
One ſlanting ſunbeam, gliding whereupon
Two angel ſpirits—(ſo in ſooth it ſeemed,
That lovelieſt viſion)—hand in hand come on,
With noiſeleſs motion. "Father! we are here,"
Sweetly ſaluted the good Father's ear.

A hand he laid on each fair ſun-bright head,
Rayed like a ſeraph's with effulgent light,
And—"Be ye bleſt, ye bleſſed ones," he ſaid,
"Whom Jeſu bids to his own board to-night—
Lead on, ye choſen, to the appointed place
Lead your old maſter." So, with ſtedfaſt face,

He followed, where theſe young ones led the way
To that ſmall chapel—like a golden clue
Streamed on before that long bright ſunſet ray,
Till at the door it ſtopt. Then paſſing through,
The maſter and the pupils, ſide by ſide,
Knelt down in prayer before the Crucified.

Tall tapers burnt before the holy ſhrine;
Chalice and paten on the altar ſtood,
Spread with fair damaſk. Of the crimſon wine
Partaking firſt alone; the living food

Digitized by Google

Bernardo next with his dear children ſhared—
Young lips, but well for heavenly food prepared.

And there we leave them. Not for us to ſee
The feaſt made ready, that firſt act to crown;
Nor to peruſe the ſolemn myſtery
Of the divine Menino's coming down
To lead away th' elect, expectant three,
With him that night at his own board to be.

Suffice it, that with him they ſurely were
That night in Paradiſe; for thoſe who came
Next to the chapel found them as in prayer,
Still kneeling—ſtiffened every lifeleſs frame,
With hands and eyes upraiſed as when they died,
Toward the image of the Crucified.

That mighty miracle ſpread far and wide,
And thouſands came the feaſt of death to ſee;
And all beholders, deeply edified,
Returned to their own homes more thoughtfully,
Muſing thereon: with one great truth impreſt,
That "to depart and be with Chriſt is beſt."

Digitized by Google

La Belle Jardiniere.

SECOND only to the Madonna della Seggiola, in popular eſtimation, this ſimple and beautiful picture has been reproduced in numerous engravings, and become one of the beſt known of the ſeries. "The ſweeteſt cheerfulneſs, grace, and innocence," obſerves Kugler, "breathe from this picture."

It was painted by Raphael at Florence, juſt as he was leaving that city for Rome, about 1507, and ſent to Siena. It was purchaſed by Francis I., and now forms one of the attractions of the Louvre,—though it has unfortunately been much injured.

De Quincey deſcribes it as "one of thoſe ſimple deſigns, which more eſpecially from the ſize (ſmall life) of the figures, we may place in the firſt rank of thoſe in which Raphael, before riſing to the ideal of his ſubject, as he afterwards did, confined himſelf to the

Digitized by Google

conceptions of pure ſimplicity, innocence, and modeſt grace, of which he found the models in the young village girls. Nothing can equal the artleſſneſs of this compoſition. The tone of color and the ſtyle of drawing are in admirable harmony, and that harmony could create nothing purer or more divine than the form of the Infant Jeſus, and the feeling of adoration of the little Saint John."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Old Masters.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

[Cardinal Alboni.]

TITIAN ennobled men; Correggio raiſed children to angels; Raphael performed the more arduous work of reſtoring to woman her priſtine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not ſurpriſed that Rubens is the prime favorite of tulip-fanciers; but give me the clear warm mornings of Correggio, which his large-eyed angels, juſt in puberty, ſo enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian; his majeſtic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue) his Bacchantes. Yet, Signors! we may deſcant on grace and majeſty as we will, believe me, there is neither majeſty ſo calm, concentrated, ſublime, and ſelf-pos-

Digitized by Google

seſſed (true attributes of the divine); nor is there grace at one time ſo human, at another time ſo ſuperhuman, as in RAPHAEL.

He leads us into heaven; but neither in ſatin robes nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the ſanctuary; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-aſcending hymn; and the purified eye ſees, as diſtinctly as is lawful, the divinity of the place.

I delight in Titian; I love Correggio; I wonder at the vaſtneſs of Michael-Angelo; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before RAPHAEL.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

La Vierge a la Redemption.

THIS Madonna, which we were induced to include in the preſent collection, by the twofold claim it poſſeſſes, of great ſweetneſs of expreſſion, and a diſſimilarity to any other of the number choſen, we are very nearly convinced, from careful inveſtigation, was not executed by Raphael, though it paſſes generally unqueſtioned as ſuch. This fact being admitted, critics will find little difficulty in pointing out its defects,—ſtiffneſs, want of dignity and character, etc.,—which, however correct the judgment, would hardly have been diſcovered, or at leaſt, avowed, while the paternity of the original was undoubted. Probably the painting was executed by the immediate ſcholars of the great maſter, and may have received ſome touches from his own hand.

The original is ſaid to be in the poſſeſſion of M. Raphael Toſoni, Profeſſor of Chemiſtry at Milan.

Digitized by Google

Letter from Raphael

TO HIS UNCLE.

WRITTEN FROM ROME, JULY 1ST, 1514.

[Probably no apology is required for introducing this letter of Raphael's;—one of the few that have been preſerved. If there were, we ſhould urge, firſt,—in general terms, the vaſt ſuperiority of original letters over formal Biography, however ingenious and able, in bringing us into actual contact with the ſubject of our inquiry; and ſecondly, the unuſual intereſt of the incidents narrated, and the charming ſimplicity of ſtyle, would be ſufficient reaſons for the republication of the particular letter in queſtion.—ED.]

DEAR UNCLE AND SECOND FATHER,—I have received a letter from you, to me moſt gratifying, ſince I find that you are not angry with me; indeed, you would be wrong to be ſo, for conſider how irkſome it is to write when there is nothing important to communicate. But now that there is important matter to talk about, I reply.

Digitized by Google

In the firſt place, with regard to taking a wife, I anſwer that, as to the one you firſt intended to give me, I am moſt happy, and thank God conſtantly that I neither married her nor any other, and in this reſpect I have been wiſer than you, who wiſhed to give her to me.

I am ſure you muſt now yourſelf be convinced that, had I followed your advice, I ſhould not have been in the poſition in which I am. At this moment I find that I have property in Rome to the amount of 3,000 gold ducats, and an income of 50 gold crowns. His Holineſs allows me 300 gold ducats (annually) for ſuperintending the building of St. Peter's: this proviſion is ſecured to me for life.

Other ſuch ſalaries are in proſpect, in addition to which I am paid whatever I chooſe to aſk for my works, and I have begun another room for His Holineſs, which will amount to 1,200 gold ducats; ſo that, dear uncle, I do honor to you and all my relations, and to my native place; but I ceaſe not to hold you in my heart, and when I hear you named, it is as if I heard my father named. Do not, therefore, complain becauſe I do not write; I might rather complain of you who have always the pen in your hand, and yet ſuffer ſix months to intervene between one letter and another.

Digitized by Google

To return to the ſubject of the wife, from which I have digreſſed: you are aware that Santa Maria in Portico (Cardinal Bibiena) wiſhes to give me a relation (a grand-niece) of his, and, on condition of obtaining your conſent, and that of my uncle the prieſt, I promiſed to do whatever his Eminence wiſhed. I cannot break my word; we are more than ever ready to conclude the affair, and I will ſoon inform you of all. Do not be offended that this buſineſs thus takes its good courſe; if it ſhould come to nothing, I will then do whatever you wiſh, and know, if Franceſco Buffa has good alliances within his reach, that I can boaſt ſome too; for I can find a handſome laſs in Rome, of excellent name, both ſhe and hers; her friends, indeed, are ready to give me a dowry of 3,000 gold crowns with her. Meanwhile, I live in Rome, where 100 ducats are more worth having (all things conſidered) than 200 in Urbino; of this be ſure. With reſpect to reſiding in Rome, I can no longer remain elſewhere for any length of time, on account of the building of St. Peter's—for I am in Bramante's place: but what place in the world is more glorious than Rome? and what undertaking more honorable than St. Peter's—the firſt temple in the world—the greateſt ſtructure that has ever been ſeen, and which will coſt more than a million

Digitized by Google

of gold? Know that the Pope has determined to ſpend 60,000 ducats annually for this building; he thinks of nothing elſe. He has aſſociated with me, in the direction, a very learned friar, more than eighty years old; the Pope ſees he cannot live long, and has appointed him as my colleague, as he is a man of great reputation and experience, in order that I may learn from him, if he has any excellent ſecret in architecture, and that I may become accompliſhed in this art; he is called Fra Giacondo. Every day the Pope ſends for us, and conſults with us for a while about this building.

I beg you will go to the Duke and Ducheſs, and tell them I know they will be pleaſed to hear that a ſervant of theirs does himſelf honor, and commend me to their Highneſſes. I commend myſelf unceaſingly to you. Greet all friends, eſpecially Ridolfo, who has ſo much affection for me.

"El vostro Rafael, Pittore in Roma.

"Alli primo Luglio, 1514."

Digitized by Google

From "The Palace of Art."

By Tennyson.

* * * * * *

OR the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of paſture ſunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of coſtly ſardonyx
Sat ſmiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-walled city on the ſea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roſes, ſlept St. Cecily;
An angel looked at her.

Or, thronging all one porch of Paradiſe,
A group of Houris bowed to ſee
The dying Iſlamite, with hands and eyes
That ſaid, we wait for thee.

Digitized by Google

Or mythic Uther's deeply wounded ſon
In ſome fair ſpace of ſloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watched by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand againſt his ear,
To liſt a footfall, ere he ſaw
The wood-nymph, ſtayed the Tuſcan king to hear
Of wiſdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrailed,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama ſlowly ſailed
A ſummer fanned with ſpice.

Or ſweet Europa's mantle blew unclaſped
From off her ſhoulder backward borne;
From one hand drooped a crocus; one hand graſped
The mild bull's golden horn.

Or elſe fluſhed Ganymede, his roſy thigh
Half buried in the Eagle's down,
Sole as a flying ſtar ſhot through the ſky
Above the pillared town.

Digitized by Google

Nor theſe alone: but every legend fair
Which the ſupreme Caucaſian mind
Carved out of Nature for itſelf, was there,
Not leſs than life deſigned.

* * * * *

Digitized by Google

La Sainte Famille.

THIS ſpirited and intereſting group was long ſuppoſed to have been executed expreſſly for Francis I. But ſubſequent inveſtigation proves it to have been painted about 1518, to the order of Lorenzo de Medici, Duke of Urbino, probably for preſentation to Francis I.

For the ſake of diſtinction, the picture is known as the "Benediction,"—from the poſture of one of the angels,—though it is generally called ſimply "The Holy Family," and, ſays M. Guizot, needs no other deſignation. "Perhaps no other of his compoſitions," he adds, "is ſo pure in ſtyle, ſo lofty and holy in expreſſion. All the perſons in the picture are evidently filled with holy thoughts."

The Infant Jeſus is ſpringing from his cradle into the arms of his mother; he is adored by St. John, pre-

Digitized by Google

ſented to him by Saint Eliſabeth. An angel is ſeen ſcattering flowers on the Virgin; another kneels in homage; and St. Joſeph is abſorbed in meditation.

Kugler refers to it as "peculiarly excellent." He ſays, "The whole has a character of cheerfulneſs and joy; an eaſy play of graceful lines, and the nobleſt forms which unite in an intelligible and harmonious whole."

The original is preſerved in the Louvre. Its dimenſions are large; it being ſix feet eight and a half inches high, by four feet ſeven inches wide; the heads are natural ſize.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Painting.

By Prosper M. Wetmore.

Peopling, with art's creative power,
The lonely home, the ſilent hour.

'TIS to the pencil's magic ſkill
Life owes the power, almoſt divine,
To call back vaniſhed forms at will,
And bid the grave its prey reſign;
Affection's eye again may trace
The lineaments beloved ſo well:
'Tis there the childleſs mother pays
Her ſorrowing ſoul's idolatry;
There love can find, in after days,
A taliſman to memory.
'Tis thine, o'er Hiſtory's ſtoried page,
To ſhed the halo light of truth;
And bid the ſcenes of by-gone age
Still flouriſh in immortal youth—

Digitized by Google

The long forgotten battle-field,
With mailed men to people forth;
In bannered pride, with ſpear and ſhield,
To ſhow the mighty ones of earth—
To ſhadow, from the holy book,
The images of ſacred lore;
On Calvary, the dying look
That told life's agony was o'er—
The joyous hearts, and gliſtening eyes,
When little ones were ſuffered near—
The lips that bade the dead ariſe,
To dry the widowed mother's tear;
Theſe are the triumphs of the art,
Conceptions of the maſter-mind;
Time-ſhrouded forms to being ſtart,
And wondering rapture fills mankind!

Led by the light of Genius on,
What viſions open to thy gaze!
'Tis nature all, and art is gone,
We breathe with them of other days:
Italia's victor leads the war,
And triumphs o'er the enſanguined plain:
Behold! the Peaſant Conqueror
Piling Marengo with his ſlain:

Digitized by Google

That ſun of glory beams once more,
  But clouds have dimmed its radiant hue,
The ſplendor of its race is o'er,
  It ſets in blood on Waterloo!

What ſcene of thrilling awe is here!
  No look of joy, no eye for mirth;
With ſteeled hearts and brows auſtere,
  Their deeds proclaim a nation's birth.
Fame here inſcribes for future age,
  A proud memorial of the free;
And ſtamps upon her deathleſs page,
  The nobleſt theme of hiſtory.

Digitized by Google

To the Virgin.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

By Richard Monckton Milnes.

IN thouſand forms, Eternal Maid,
Has pious Art imagined Thee,
But never wert thou ſo portrayed,
As once, that once, Thou cam'ſt to me.
I only know that ſince that ſight
I take no thought of night or day,
And all the world's material might
Flees like a ſhamed child away.
Thou bad'ſt me drink, and ſince full deep
I drained the cup thy hand had given,
A perfect reſt, that was not ſleep,
Paſſed to my ſoul, and made it Heaven.

Digitized by Google

Madonna di San Sisto.

THIS favorite Madonna was painted, according to Vaſari, as an altar-piece for the high altar of the church of the Black Friars of San Siſto in Piacenza. It has, however, been ſuppoſed that it was deſigned for a proceſſion picture, to which opinion ſeveral writers of good authority incline.

Above, are the Virgin and the Infant Jeſus upon clouds, in a brilliant glory of countleſs angel heads, and below, St. Sixtus, on one ſide, and St. Barbara on the other.

"Of all the figures of the Virgin," ſays De Quincey, "his genius created, none was conceived in a fuller, and, if we may uſe the term, a more pictureſque ſtyle." "We muſt further," he adds, "point out to admiration the two cherubim at the foot of the compoſition—marvels of color, beauty, expreſſion, and life, which

Digitized by Google

abſolutely ſeem coming out of the canvas, ſuch ſalient relief has the painter given them."

Kugler declares this Madonna to be "one of the moſt wonderful creations of Raphael's pencil; ſhe is at once the exalted and bleſſed woman of whom the Saviour was born, and the tender earthly Virgin whoſe pure and humble nature was eſteemed worthy of ſo great a deſtiny." * * * "This is a rare example of a picture of Raphael's later time, executed entirely by his own hand. No deſign, no ſtudy of the ſubject for the guidance of a ſcholar, no old engraving after ſuch a ſtudy, has ever come to light. The execution itſelf evidently ſhows that the picture was painted without any ſuch preparation."

This marvellous picture now forms the gem of the Royal Gallery at Dreſden, which holds the firſt rank among all the collections in Germany. It was commenced by Auguſtus II., King of Poland; and this painting was purchaſed for the Gallery by Auguſtus III., for 22,000 crowns.

Mrs. Jameſon writes, "Six times have I viſited the city made glorious by the poſſeſſion of this treaſure, and as often, when again at a diſtance, with recollection diſturbed by feeble copies and prints, I have begun to think, 'Is it ſo indeed? is ſhe indeed ſo divine? or

Digitized by Google

does the imagination encircle her with a halo of religion and poetry, and lend a grace which is not really there?' and as often, when returned, I have ſtood before it and confeſſed that there is more in that form and face than I had ever yet conceived.

"In the ſame Gallery is the lovely Madonna of the Meyer family; inexpreſſibly touching and perfect in its way, but conveying only one of the attributes of Mary, her benign pity, while the Madonna di San Siſto is an abſtract of all."

A modern traveller in Europe, a ſcholar and a man of cultivated taſte and refined ſenſibilities, thus records the impreſſion made upon him by this ſublime compoſition:—"The ſpectator feels, at firſt, a little curious and puzzled to account for its effects; for this aſtoniſhing picture does not ſeem to have been elaborated with the patient pencil that has wrought ſo unweariedly upon many other famous ſubjects, but rather to have been thrown off, almoſt as though it had been in water-colors, by an inſpiration of divine genius, in a ſudden jubilee of its ſolemn exerciſe, with a motion of the hand, at the laſt height and acme of its attainment. * * * Never before by any like production had I been quite abaſhed or overcome. I could except to, and ſtudy and compare, other pictures: this paſſed

Digitized by Google

my underſtanding. Long did I inſpect, and often did I go back to re-examine this myſtery, which ſo foiled my criticiſm, and conſtrained my wonder, and convinced me, as nothing viſible beſides had ever done, that if no picture is to be worſhipped, ſomething is to be worſhipped; that is to be worſhipped which ſuch a picture indicates or portrays. But the problem was too much for my ſolving. I can only ſay, it mixed for me the tranſport of wonder, with the ecſtaſy of delight; it affected me like the ſign of a miracle; it was the ſupernatural put into color and form; for certainly no one, who received the ſuggeſtion of thoſe features, the ſenſe of thoſe meek, ſubduing eyes, could doubt any longer, if he had ever once doubted, of there being a God, a heaven, and, both before and beyond the ſepulchre, an immortal life. No one who caught the ſupernal expreſſion of the whole countenance, could believe it was made of matter, born of mortality, had its firſt beginning in the cradle, or could be laid away in the grave, but rather was of a quite dateleſs and everlaſting tenure. I would be free even to declare, that, in the light which played between thoſe lips and lids, was Chriſtianity itſelf,—Chriſtianity in miniature, for the ſmallneſs of the ſpace, I might incline to expreſs it, but that I ſhould query in what larger preſent-

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

ment I had ever beheld Chriſtianity ſo great. Mont Blanc may fall out of the memory, and the Paſs of the Stelvis fade away; but the argument for religion,—argument I call it,—which was offered to my mind in the great Madonna of Raphael, cannot fade."*

We cannot more fitly cloſe this ſketch, than by the following invocation by Wordſworth:—

"Mother! whoſe virgin boſom was uncroſt
With the leaſt ſhade of thought to ſin allied!
Woman! above all women glorified;
Our tainted nature's ſolitary boaſt;
Purer than foam on central ocean toſt;
Brighter than eaſtern ſkies at day-break ſtrewn
With fancied roſes, than the unblemiſhed moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coaſt,
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet ſome, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the ſuppliant knee might bend,
As to a viſible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee,
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celeſtial with terrene."

* Pictures of Europe.

Digitized by Google

To the Genius of Art.

By Estelle Anna Lewis.

THOU art a beam from God—the brighteſt ray
That heaven hath earthward ſent to cheer the ſoul
And animate it in its houſe of clay,
With dreams of light, and life, and glory's goal.
Here, mutely worſhipping, I gaze on thee,
Till naſcent haloes dawn around thy brow,
And from the portals of eternity,
The laurelled dead, returning, round thee bow.
There, bent o'er Fornarina's ſainted face,
Feeding his ſoul, eternal Raphael kneels,
As if in its pale hues he ſtill can trace
Beauty, ſurpaſſing all that Heaven reveals;
Angelo—Titian—all the immortal great,
Glide in, and at thy feet for inſpiration wait.

Digitized by Google

The Marriage of Joseph and Mary.

A LEGEND.

"THEN Mary was fourteen years old, the prieſt Zacharius inquired of the Lord concerning her, what was right to be done; and an angel came to him and ſaid, 'Go forth and call together all the widowers among the people, and let each bring his rod (or wand) in his hand, and he to whom the Lord ſhall ſhow a ſign, let him be the husband of Mary.' And Zacharias did as the angel commanded, and made proclamation accordingly.

"And Joſeph the carpenter, a righteous *man*, throwing down his axe, and taking his ſtaff in his hand, ran out with the reſt. When he appeared before the prieſt, and preſented his rod, lo! a dove iſſued out of it—a dove dazzling white as the ſnow,—and after

Digitized by Google

ſettling on his head, flew towards heaven. Then the high prieſt ſaid to him, 'Thou art the perſon choſen to take the Virgin of the Lord, and to keep her for him.' And Joſeph was at firſt afraid, and drew back, but afterwards he took her home to his houſe, and ſaid to her, 'Behold, I have taken thee from the temple of the Lord, and now I leave thee in my houſe, for I muſt go and follow my trade of building. I will return to thee, and meanwhile the Lord be with thee and watch over thee.'

"So Joſeph left her, and Mary remained in her houſe."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

.35
M788

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

NEW
7/11
#4179

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 002 315 807
ART Lib.
N6465
.R2
W25
1991
Digitized by Google

Raphael's Madonnas